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THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

The most complete and graphic account of the coronation of our present gracious Queen is to be found in the special issue of *The Sun* newspaper of Thursday, June 28, 1838. This special issue reached at least a thirty-sixth edition, and continued to be reprinted and sold up to September, and perhaps later. Its first and fourth pages are printed in gold, and the first contains a medallion of Her Majesty twelve inches in diameter. The extraordinary circulation which this copy secured, and the commendation which it received from contemporary prints, show that it was considered at the period to have marked a notable advance in journalism. The thirty-sixth edition of a newspaper is perhaps unique; and a particular copy being reprinted from June to September is in itself a remarkable instance of newspaper longevity. The price of this copy of *The Sun* is not stated; but there is a notice to the effect that 'the immense expense we have incurred in preparing the present copy of *The Sun*, which we willingly give to our subscribers at the usual price, will prevent us from selling it to non-subscribers at the same rate. Its beauty, however, is so great, that we are sure the public who will be desirous of possessing such an extraordinary specimen of the art of printing will be willing to pay the sum which we shall find it necessary to demand to cover our expenses.'

The editor informs his readers that they may form some idea 'of the exertions and expense necessary to attain our object,' when it is stated that it has 'required the united labour of three large establishments, comprising between two and three hundred persons,' to produce this issue. At the same time, he is able to congratulate himself that the exertions of his staff were not in vain, for 'the very handsome manner in which three of our morning contemporaries have done us the honour to speak of the specimen we laid before them, is an earnest of the praise we hope to deserve from the public at large.'

In order not to interrupt the direct narrative,

it may be as well to refer here to the proceedings in the House of Commons on the morning of the coronation. The House met at seven. At nine o'clock the Speaker entered in his robes, the Serjeant carrying the mace, and wearing all his orders. At that time there were upwards of four hundred members present; and it never was our fortune to witness a finer or grander scene than when the members all rose to receive the Speaker as he proceeded to the chair. The intermixture of the various uniforms and court dresses formed as beautiful a *coup d'œil* as could possibly be witnessed. The House of Lords is not mentioned on this occasion.

At seventeen minutes past three o'clock on the morning of the 28th of June, a royal salute of twenty-one guns awakened the citizens of London to the fact that 'the sun was then rising upon the joyous day when the crown of these great realms was to be placed upon the head of the most popular and beloved sovereign that has wielded the British sceptre since the days of Alfred.' By four o'clock, the streets were so thronged with passengers and pedestrians that they were in many places impassable, and the whole population seemed to have poured out in the direction of the Park and the Abbey. Even so early as six o'clock, the Green Park, the Mall, and the inclosure in St James's Park were filled with persons of all ranks, eager to scramble for places. Their efforts were premature; for the police and military made their appearance on the scene, and by degrees the crowds were compelled to retire within the inclosure and down the Mall. Squadrons of Life-guards, a troop of Lancers, and a company of infantry, with general officers and their brilliant staffs, occupied the open spaces. The roof of the northern projection of Buckingham Palace was covered with people; whilst on the top of the Triumphal Arch were stationed two sailors, 'of remarkably fine figure,' who were in charge of the flagstaff upon which the royal standard was to be hoisted on Her Majesty's departure from the palace. About eight o'clock, the band of the Life-guards struck up *God save the Queen*, and

played at intervals till the commencement of the procession. The carriages of those who were to take part in the cavalcade took their places according to the prescribed order, those of the foreign ambassadors in the south walk, and the royal carriages in the north walk of the Mall.

Of the foreign ambassadors, the most popular was Marshal Soult (Duke of Dalmatia), ambassador extraordinary from France. The marshal was loudly cheered as he passed along the line. His carriage created far more interest than that of any other ambassador. Its colour was a rich cobalt relieved with gold; the panels were superbly emblazoned with the marshal's arms. The carriage had side-lights, then considered unusual, and four elegant lamps, ornamented with the ducal coronet, of rich silver. The raised cornice was of silver, higher and more elaborately chased than that of any other vehicle in the cavalcade; and at each of the four corners was a ducal coronet of large dimensions. The lining of the interior was a rich nankeen satin, relieved with scarlet; the hamercloth was of blue broadcloth, trimmed with nankeen gimp and tassels. This elaborate structure was drawn by two horses. The liveries were of a drab colour, with a rich figured lace. The carriage of the Duke de Palmella was of a brilliant green relieved with silver; that of Count Gustave de Lowenhielm, of a rich lake; that of the Marquis de Brignole, of deep chocolate relieved with white. There was, therefore, no monotony of colour in these elaborate conveyances. Her Majesty's state carriage was covered with scarlet silk Genoa velvet embroidered with gold; the badges on each side and back, the fringes, ropes, and tassels, being of the same precious metal. 'We understand that it cost one thousand pounds,' says *The Sun*, and what foreign ambassador could come within a long distance of that?

The early morning was dark and gloomy. Some rain fell, 'which, though it damped the apparel, neither damped the spirit nor the expression of the loyalty of the vast assemblage.' By ten o'clock the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone out in full summer strength and radiance. At length the signal was given that Her Majesty had departed from the palace. At a quarter past ten, the royal standard was raised amidst enthusiastic shouting. At half-past ten the royal carriage passed Apsley House. Whilst passing through St James's Street, a short delay took place in consequence of one of the traces giving way, so that it was not till thirty-two minutes past eleven that Her Majesty reached Westminster Abbey.

The streets through which the procession passed were not only crowded, but every window was filled with spectators, and every housetop occupied. Huge platforms had been erected all along the line in front of the clubs and business premises for the accommodation of those fortunate enough to secure places. These were festooned, and branches of evergreens were interspersed, so as to give the whole a very pleasing appearance, which was much heightened when they were filled with beautiful and smiling happy faces. The largest structure was that erected opposite the Reform Club, which afforded room to no fewer than six hundred ladies and five hundred members and their friends. The Ox-

ford and Cambridge Club afforded seats to six hundred members; and the Carlton, a similar number. These establishments provided wines and refreshments during the day, which, we are told, 'were brought into requisition to a great extent; and many were the sincere aspirations breathed forth for the happiness, the long life, and prosperity of her who engrosses the attention of all Europe at the present moment.'

Within Westminster Abbey, the scene was striking and magnificent. The great body of the spectators were congregated in the nave, along the sides of which galleries were constructed, arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, with ten rows of benches, rising one above the other, and calculated to hold at least fifteen hundred persons. Very shortly after five o'clock, the hour at which the Abbey opened, these galleries began to fill, and by seven were crowded. Naval and military officers were there in their uniforms, clergymen in their canonicals, civilians in endless variety of apparel, the sombre black of the men being relieved by the countless hues which marked the dresses of the ladies. The patience of the spectators was severely tested by a six hours' waiting, relieved, however, by watching the progress of the more distinguished personages as they proceeded up the nave towards the choir, where they had their stations. Now, it was a judge; then, a peer arrayed in coronation robes of crimson velvet edged with ermine, and coronet in hand; again, it was a noble dame with splendid flowing train, followed by her daughters, whose charms needed not the aid of the gems that glittered upon their persons. Or perhaps it was some foreign ambassador, whose strange and costly dress attracted the attention of all gazers for a while. At half-past nine, a loud cheer was heard outside, and a few minutes after, the Duke of Wellington entered, to be greeted with enthusiastic applause.

When Her Majesty arrived at the west entrance of the Abbey, attended by the Princesses and Princesses of the blood-royal, the party was received by the great officers of state, the noblemen bearing the regalia, and the bishops carrying the patina, the chalice, and the Bible. Her Majesty was led to the robing chamber, constructed on the right of the platform outside the entrance. At a quarter to twelve, the procession advanced up the nave, the choristers singing the anthem, 'I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord,' &c. The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster led the way, followed by officers of the royal household, the Archbishops of Armagh and York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then came the Princesses of the blood-royal, the noblemen appointed to carry the regalia, then the Princes of the blood-royal. Immediately preceding the sovereign were the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England; the Duke of Wellington, Lord High Constable of England; Viscount Melbourne, bearing the sword of state; the Duke of Richmond, bearing the sceptre with the dove; whilst the Duke of Hamilton, as Lord High Steward, bore the crown; and the orb was borne by the Duke of Somerset. Then followed the Bishops of Bangor, Winchester, and Lincoln.

The Queen walked between the Bishop of

Durham on the right, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells on the left, the train being borne by eight young ladies. Her Majesty proceeded up the aisle, and on being recognised, was hailed with a loud burst of applause, which was speedily repressed. The youthful sovereign displayed perfect self-possession, united to a dignity and gentle-ness that won all hearts.

In the centre of the Abbey there had been erected a platform, ascended by four steps, covered with claret-coloured drapery, on which were placed the chair of state, a litany chair with faldstool, and the throne or coronation chair, the well-known wooden chair preserved in King Edward's Chapel, with the Stone of Scone under the seat. The Queen ascended the platform and took her seat on the chair of state, the bishops standing on either side; the noblemen bearing the swords of state took up their position on the right hand, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on the left, the noblemen bearing the regalia standing near, the train-bearers being behind the throne.

Upon the conclusion of the anthem, the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, advanced to the east end of the platform, where the Archbishop made the recognition in the following words: 'Sirs—I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of the realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?' These words were repeated at the north, west, and south sides, during which Her Majesty remained standing by her chair, and turned towards the people in each direction at which the recognition was made, the people replying with loud acclamations of 'God save Queen Victoria;' and when this ceremony was concluded, the trumpets sounded and the drums beat. The Archbishop then proceeded to the altar and stood at the north side. The Queen, attended by those already mentioned, approached the communion rails, and kneeling, made her first offering of an altar-cloth of gold, which was placed on the altar, followed by an offering of an ingot of gold of one pound-weight, which was placed on the oblation basin.

After a short prayer, Her Majesty arose, and, attended as before, went to the chair of state. The regalia were then placed on the altar, and the Litany proceeded with. At the conclusion of the Litany, the Sanctus was sung, after which the Archbishop began the Communion Service, the Bishop of Rochester reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Carlisle the Gospel. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, who took for his text 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 31. The sermon being concluded, the Archbishop advanced and ministered the questions to the sovereign prescribed by the service. These being answered, Her Majesty went to the altar, where, kneeling at the rails, and laying her right hand on a copy of the Gospels, she took the Coronation Oath, kissed the book, and set her sign-manual to a copy of the oath. The Queen then returned to the chair, and *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung by the choir. At the conclusion of the hymn, the Archbishop read the prayer, 'O Lord, Holy

Father, who by anointing with oil didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets,' &c. Then the choir sang the anthem, *Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet*, at the commencement of which the Queen rose from the chair, and advancing to the altar, laid aside her crimson robe, and proceeded to and sat down on the throne or St Edward's Chair, where the ceremony of anointing was performed. Four Knights of the Garter held over the Queen's head a rich pall of cloth of gold; the Dean of Westminster poured some of the consecrated oil from the *ampulla* into the anointing spoon, with which the Archbishop anointed Her Majesty on the head and hands in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words, 'Be thou anointed,' &c. The Archbishop then read the next of the appointed prayers, after which the Queen resumed her seat in St Edward's Chair.

The Lord Great Chamberlain receiving the spurs from the Dean, knelt down and presented them to Her Majesty, who returned them, to be laid again on the altar. Lord Melbourne, carrying the sword of state, now delivered it to the Lord Chamberlain, receiving another in a purple scabbard, which he delivered to the Archbishop, to be laid on the altar. An appropriate prayer having been said, the Archbishop, attended by all the other dignitaries of the Church, took the sword, and delivered it into Her Majesty's hands, by whom it was returned, to be laid on the altar. This sword was then redeemed by Lord Melbourne for one hundred shillings, and was carried unsheathed during the remainder of the ceremony. Her Majesty was then invested with the mantle of cloth of gold. The Archbishop presented the orb, which was returned, and laid on the altar; then placed the ruby ring on the fourth finger of the Queen's right hand. The Duke of Norfolk presented a glove for the right hand, embroidered with the Howard arms, which Her Majesty put on. The sceptre with the cross or royal sceptre, and the sceptre with the dove or rod of equity, were then delivered.

The Archbishop, then standing before the altar, took up St Edward's Crown, and blessing it with the prescribed prayer, advanced, attended by the dignitaries, and placed it on Her Majesty's head. The people shouted 'God save the Queen!' and immediately the peers and peeresses present put on their coronets; the bishops their caps; and the kings of arms their crowns; the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Tower and Park guns were fired. When the plaudits had ceased, the Archbishop pronounced the exhortation, 'Be strong and of good courage,' &c.; and the choir sang the anthem, *The Queen shall rejoice*, &c.

The Archbishop then presented the Holy Bible and pronounced the benediction. The *Te Deum* was then sung, at the commencement of which the Queen removed to the chair on which she first sat, attended by the chief officers as before. At the conclusion of the *Te Deum*, the Queen was led to the throne by the Archbishop, and all the noblemen on the platform ranged themselves about the steps of the throne. After a short exhortation from the Archbishop, the Queen returned the sceptres to the two noblemen from whom she had received them, and then the ceremony called the Homage began. The Archbishop knelt before the Queen, accompanied by

the other prelates, and said the words of homage, the others repeating the same after him. The Archbishop and the Lords Spiritual then kissed Her Majesty's hand and retired. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge ascended the steps of the throne, and taking off their coronets, repeated the words of homage, then severally touched the crown and kissed Her Majesty's left cheek. The Dukes and other peers thereupon performed their homage, the senior of each degree pronouncing the words, and the rest of each degree saying after him; and each peer of the same degree successively touching Her Majesty's hand and then retiring. During this ceremony, the choir sang the anthem, *This is the Day the Lord hath made*, &c., and the Treasurer threw about the medals of the coronation.

The patina and chalice with the bread and wine were now placed on the altar, and the Queen laying aside the crown, made her second offering of a purse of gold. The holy communion was then celebrated, all the officiating clergy and Her Majesty partaking of the elements. During the conclusion of the service, Her Majesty remained seated on the throne, wearing her crown and holding the two sceptres. When the benediction was pronounced, marking the conclusion of the religious service, Her Majesty, attended as usual, repaired to St Edward's Chapel, and laying aside the scarlet coronation robe, was arrayed in the robe of purple velvet, and received the orb from the Archbishop. In the meantime the procession was being re-formed. Everything being ready, Her Majesty proceeded to the door by which she had entered, wearing her crown, and bearing in her right hand the royal sceptre, and in her left the orb. The four swords were carried before the Queen as before; in fact, the same order was preserved, only that now all the noblemen and clergy were covered.

The procession commenced to leave the Abbey at twenty minutes to four o'clock; but Her Majesty did not get to her carriage till twenty minutes to five. The same enthusiasm which marked the approach to the Abbey now showed no diminution all along the return route. When the Queen had passed, the vast crowds slowly dispersed, having witnessed a display the like of which but few are ever destined to gaze upon again.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE 'WINDSTREW.'

GABRIEL GOTHAM returned somewhat late to the Hall; he was exhausted; it was not often that he took so much exercise, and was away from his house so long; but he was pleased with himself; he chuckled and rubbed his left hand over the back of the right, which held the walking-stick. As he came in at his gates, he met Mr Cornelia, hardly recovered from his agitation caused by the interview with his daughter.

'Where is Josephine? I want her,' said Gabriel.

'I do not know where she is. I have had

a talk with her. I am incensed. I have had to reprimand her pretty sharply. She is inconsiderate, aggravating.'

'Come with me to the Platt. I must have some Curaçao or Chartreuse, or cherry-brandy. I am fagged.—You look pale as well.'

The Platt was a square platform about seven feet high, built of brick, with a concreted top, to which a flight of steps led from the garden. It was said to have been originally a winnowing-floor, when wheat was grown where now lay the Hall gardens. Here, advantage was taken of the breeze from off the water to clear the corn of the husk. Such platforms still exist in different parts of England, and in the west are called Windstrews. They occupy a high situation, exposed to every breeze. Here, it was near the sea, because the air always stirred there, even when, at a rifle-shot inland, it was calm. This windstrew would probably have been broken down, and the bricks used for other purposes, had not the proprietors of the Hall considered it a pleasant spot on which to sit when the weather was hot, and enjoy the cool air off the water, and see the boats coming in or going out with the tide. It went now by the name of the Platt, whatever its former designation had been, Platt being perhaps a contraction for platform. It adjoined the garden wall, and occupied an angle in it, the wall rising just high enough above the platform to serve as a back to benches. On the garden side it was unrailed. The steps ran up the side of the wall to it. At the bottom of the steps was the garden wicket-gate, almost invariably fastened.

'Where is Josephine? I want to speak to Josephine,' said Gotham again.

'I do not know where she is. She has left me in one of her tantrums. I had to speak decidedly; and she dislikes dictation: she is wayward as an unbroken filly.'

'Go into the house, Justin,' said the Squire; 'tell one of the servants to bring us glasses and the liqueur to the Platt. I cannot bear up much longer. I am too hot to goindoors. If you see Josephine, send her to me.'

Mr Cornelia bit his lip, and obeyed. He did not like being ordered about by Mr Gotham; but he dared not show that he was annoyed. At this time, he was much ruffled. His interview with his daughter had disturbed him more than he showed. He was a man who hated opposition, and above opposition, a will as strong as his own, and a mind above being humbugged. He knew that he could not delude his daughter into submission, and now he was discovering that he could not browbeat her. Accustomed to the easy natures of his sister Judith and his cousin Gotham, he was provoked at encountering opposition in his own child. He had made his plans, and these plans were disturbed by the rebelliousness of Josephine. He wanted her to marry Captain Sellwood, partly because he desired to be free from the encumbrance of his child, and partly because he could rely on Captain Sellwood not troubling him about Josephine's fortune, which he had spent. An energetic and greedy son-in-law might make matters unpleasant for him. The Sellwoods were too comfortably off to care for a small jointure, and too gentlemanly and well connected to have

recourse to law, and so expose his conduct to public notice. If they found he had behaved badly, they would hush up the matter in the family interest. His plan was, as soon as Josephine was settled, to saddle her with Judith, and himself depart, and do the best he could for himself with what money he got out of the Insurance Company, till Gabriel Gotham's death put him in possession of the Hanford estate. This event could not be far distant; the wretched Squire was failing rapidly, and as he failed, drank more, and dosed himself with larger portions of narcotics. He was now half imbecile, and his brain would certainly soften, and paralysis ensue very speedily. For a while, Mr. Cornelius had been uneasy because Gabriel would speak of the past, and revert, especially in his maudlin moods, to the wrong he had done to Bessie and her son.

"Pshaw!" said Cornelius. "If every one of us took to heart the faults of his youth, as you do, none of us would come to gray hairs. Your father and uncle made the woman a good offer; she refused it, and with that the matter came to an end. You are quit."

But this did not wholly satisfy Gabriel. The recollection of his treachery haunted him, and he took to liqueur-drinking and opiates, as much to still the voice of self-reproach as to lull the nervous pains he felt.

If Bessie Cable had not lived in the same place, it would have been better for him. The occasional sight of her and of her son renewed in him the stings of conscience. But though he felt these stings, he was too cowardly and weak to redress the old wrong.

Bessie had stood in the way of his marrying. At one time, he had visited a neighbouring Squire and paid attention to his daughter—one of his daughters; and because the Squire had five sons and six daughters, and his estate was heavily burdened, he would have been glad to dispose of one of the girls to the owner of Hanford. Miss Wakeham also, knowing herself to be slenderly provided for, would have accepted him. Gabriel rode over twice a week to Woodley Park, and walked and flirted with Miss Wakeham; but just as every one supposed he was about to declare himself, Bessie Cable reappeared in Hanford, and Gotham became frightened. He expected that she would repeat the story of his conduct to her, if he proceeded; and he hung back, ceased to visit Woodley, and remained an old bachelor.

Would Bessie have interfered? He never knew. She, perhaps, herself was undecided how to act. But he resolved not to risk the unpleasantness such a disclosure would cause. He was certain that the Wakehams would refuse the connection, if it came to their ears; they were a somewhat pinched, but a proud family.

The conduct of Gabriel to Miss Fanny Wakeham was commented on, and was the occasion of some coldness between the Wakehams and him; but when she, after a twelvemonth, married a Baronet, and became Lady Brentwood, this coldness disappeared; the Wakehams were even grateful to Mr. Gotham that he had withdrawn his pretensions. The vanity of the man was enhanced by the marriage of Miss Fanny, and he liked to boast to Cornelius and other inti-

mates of his old flame, Lady Brentwood, by whom, by George! he was nearly caught; but hearing that she had a deuce of a temper, he had been wise enough to cry Hands off.

Justin Cornelius had gained his power over Gabriel Gotham at first by his knowledge of the secret which imbibed the life of the latter. He knew it, because it was a family secret; consequently, Judith also knew about it. But Cornelius did not know that there was a son, and that mother and son lived in Hanford, till he came there and took and inhabited Rose Cottage. When the Cornelius family came to Hanford, Gotham was disturbed in mind lest the story should get out by their indiscretion. He was just then desirous of being made a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county, and a Justice of Peace; and he knew that it would be fatal to his chance, were the scandal to get wind; so he cringed to Cornelius, and offered him a loan of money, were he in want of temporary accommodation, as many a man is when buying a house and fitting it up. Cornelius soon got the upper hand of the Squire, and maintained such a hold on him, that, as Justin supposed, Gotham was unable to act in any way without him. He did not refrain from jesting about the boatman's lass Bessie, the very old girl who had taken advantage of the inexperience of the young Squire; and to sneer at the lout of a son, and his marriage with the servant from the rectory. Cornelius did not see that he was overshooting his mark. His contemptuous jests about the Cables recoiled on and hurt Gotham. If Bessie were such a despicable creature, what a fool Gabriel himself must have been to take up with her; if the son were such a booby, the father must have been a poor creature. Gotham did not like the jokes of Cornelius; they galled him, and wrought in him great bitterness against his cousin; and sometimes, when he was alone, it boiled up, and he clenched his fists and gnashed his teeth at the thought of the man who had become indispensable to him, but whom he hated. Cornelius did not consider that a weak man is a man on whom you can never lean; he is always devising some meanness whereby he can deceive those upon whom he fawns and to whom he clings. In playing a game with a stupid man, the faculties become lulled; we think we know exactly what moves he will make, and we are beforehand ready to countermove. But it sometimes happens that stupidity simulates genius, because it sinks to depths beyond calculation, and surprises us by a step for which we were quite unprepared. Mr. Cornelius over-estimated his own power, and undervalued the parts of the Squire. He had no suspicion that Gabriel regarded him with mistrust.

Mr. Gotham seated himself on the seat, with his back to the wall, on the raised windstrew, took off his hat, and removing slowly his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his head with a shaking hand. His weak eyes were watering, his narrow forehead was covered with moisture. The evening was warm, and he was tired. He looked about him, at his garden and groves and terraces. What a pretty place it was! Yet he hardly enjoyed it. He had a conservatory, and bought for it rare plants, not that he cared for them,

but that he might boast of the sum he had paid for this new orchid or that rare lily. He had a good stable, two hunters; but he rarely rode them, never hunted with them; all the pleasure he had from them was to talk about them and what they cost him. Some of his neighbours humoured him, but laughed at him in their sleeves. They humoured him for the sake of his subscriptions to the hunt and the balls, and because he gave good dinners. He was mean in some things, extravagant in others, as often happens with weak men.

Now, as he looked about him, he felt uncomfortable. The idea glimmered in his cloudy mind that he must before very long leave this pretty place, his greenhouses, his pines, his hunters, his cellars, his china. All would pass from him to another. He could see the church tower behind the trees. His walled garden adjoined the graveyard, and was believed to have been taken out of it; certainly, bones were dug up on the north side of it; but the strawberries along that bed were splendid. 'I wish the Chartreuse would come,' he grumbled. 'What is that fellow Justin about?—So; he has been talking of the changes he will make when I am dead, calculating on the improvements he will effect. My grapes—my muscat house; I have been particular to have the muscat vines all together; you can't have the proper flavour where they are mixed. He'll be eating my pines when the worms are eating me! Shall he—shall he!' He uttered these last words aloud.

'Shall he!—Shall who?' asked Cornelliis, ascending the steps, and taking his place on the other seat, at right angles to that occupied by Gotham. He had his back to the sea. He asked the question with indifference; he had no idea that it concerned himself.

'I—I have been unwell to-day; I have been thinking that my health is breaking up.'

'Pshaw! You are in low spirits. Breaking up! when you have been trotting about all the afternoon like a boy of sixteen. It is I, not you, who have cause to be in the dumps. I have been irritated past endurance by that daughter of mine. —Thank you, I will have green Chartreuse.'

'What has she been doing?'

'Doing! Will you believe it? She has refused Captain Sellwood!'

Mr Gotham's mouth opened, and he stared at Cornelliis with feeble astonishment, mixed with amusement.

Cornelliis remarked the latter, and said somewhat testily: 'There is nothing so funny about this. To me it is indescribably mortifying. He will have eventually fifteen thousand.'

'And she has, from her mother, about five hundred pounds in all,' said Gotham with a chuckle.

'Not so much; no—hardly four.'

'You have been very careful of it,' said Gabriel, crouching with his hands on his stick. His glass of Chartreuse was so full, and his hands so shaking, that he did not venture to raise the glass to his lips; he stooped to the table and put his mouth to the glass and sucked the brimming contents. He looked so mean and wretched as thus bent, with his blear eyes on Cornelliis, that the latter had difficulty in checking the

expression of contempt that began to curl his lips.

'Yes,' he answered; 'I have been a careful trustee.'

'So Josephine told me,' said Gabriel.

Mr Cornelliis started, and the colour went out of his brow, which turned deadly white. The movement was so sudden, that Gabriel was frightened, and upset the glass with his nose or chin.

'There!' said he; 'I have spilt my glass before I have half drunk it. It cost me twelve shillings a bottle, and a bottle don't hold much; it is soon gone.'

Mr Cornelliis considered whether he should ask what Josephine had said. He thought it best not to pursue the subject.

'Pour me out a little more,' said Gotham; 'my hand is unsteady.'

Whilst Mr Cornelliis complied, Gabriel said to him: 'So, Josephine has refused Captain Sellwood.'

'She told me so herself. It is monstrous!'

'There must be a prior attachment.'

Now, the hand of Justin Cornelliis shook, and he spilled some drops on the little table. 'Prior attachment! Of course not. To whom could she be attached? Pooh! It is absurd.'

'What was that I heard about a meeting on the night of the fire?'

'Meeting! I know nothing about one.'

'Do you know what I have been doing to-day, Justin?'

'No, Squire.'

'I have been to Grimes and Newbold's dock, to see the vessel Josephine has bought, called after her name, and given to Richard.'

'Josephine cannot buy a boat. She has not the money; and I will see her at Jericho before I advance the requisite sum.'

'I have advanced it, Justin. You—you can repay me at your leisure out of Josephine's money.'

'You!' Mr Cornelliis looked at him with astonishment. This mean little man had meddled to make mischief. 'Do you know what you have done?'

'I think I do know,' chuckled Gotham.

'I think you do not,' said Cornelliis angrily. His face was becoming pale, and the lines in it hard, as if cut with a gouge in stone. 'I do not think you are aware that you have compromised my daughter's character. It was bad enough that she was on the lightship alone with that fellow; but this is worse. She gives him a vessel which she calls after her own name, and you help her, you encourage her to do so.'

'Why should she not?'

'I say, because she makes the tongues wag about her. Ever since that confounded affair of the lightship, she has been running in and out of the man's cottage.'

'And,' said Gabriel, 'she has met him at night on the seawall.'

'People will talk. There will be plenty of scandal floating. And do you expect me to put up with it?'

'Let them talk. Something may come of it, that would please me well.'

'What is that, Gabriel?' Mr Cornelliis' cheeks

blanched, and his hands closed. He was very angry.

'Why should she not take him?' said Gabriel. 'She likes him well; of that I am sure, and that would satisfy me.'

'It would not suit me,' said Cornellis in a husky voice.

'It would suit me excellently, Justin, as you may see, for then I could leave what little I have to Josephine, and so Richard would get it. That would be a great satisfaction to my conscience, and—do not look at me in that strange way; I do not like it, Justin—I say it would just fit in with my wishes; no one would know who he was, and my conscience would be clear.'

'Is that what you intend!' exclaimed Cornellis, starting up, and leaning forward, his face livid, his lips drawn back, showing his white teeth. 'Is that it?—That you shall never do!'

Gotham staggered to his feet also, and shrank back; he was frightened at the ghastly face and malignant expression of Justin Cornellis.

'You dare to utter this to me!' said the ex-missionary, and with his elbows drawn back, he took a step towards Gotham. 'I'll throttle you first.'

Gotham, trembling, let fall his glass of Chartreuse, and backed before the angry father, who suddenly thrust forth both his hands to grip him.

At that moment, up the steps of the windstrew came Richard Cable.

Gabriel Gotham uttered a feeble cry, whether of terror at the approach of Cornellis, or of surprise at the apparition of Cable, neither knew, and in a moment he fell headlong from the Platt upon the garden walk below.

THE DEATH-ROLL OF SNOWDON.

We have lately had articles on the Death-roll of Mont Blanc (No. 137) and of the Matterhorn (No. 148). A few notes on the death-roll of Snowdon will show that life and limb can be risked and lost without going above the snow-line. The list of fatal accidents on the great Welsh mountain is not a long one, but we fear it is incomplete. A death on some world-famed Alp is telegraphed all over Europe, and finds permanent record in the literature of mountaineering. An accident on Snowdon is only noticed in a paragraph in the corner of a newspaper, and is soon forgotten. The Alps and the exploits of the Alpine Club have by comparison all but made our Welsh and Scottish mountains into molehills; and to talk of adventures among the *cwms* and *bwls* of Snowdon in those days, when mountaineers talk chiefly of *arêtes* and *crevasses*, *coulées* and *Bergschrunds*, is like writing about the deeds of pygmies in an age of giants. But the wild precipices and deep *cwms* of Snowdon have had their tragedies, no less than the glaciers and rocks of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. Here are some of them.

The first on our list dates from forty years ago. The ascent of Snowdon was then looked upon as rather a serious affair, for it was before the age of Alpine Clubs. One wintry day in 1846, a clergyman—the Rev. H. Starr of Northampton—attempted the ascent from the side of Llyn-Cwellyn. His track lay along the bold rocky

spur of Clogwyn Ddu'r Arddu, to the north of the way now known as the 'Beddgelert ascent.' The day was dark and misty, and the local guides strongly urged him not to ascend. He appears to have gone up alone. He did not return; and next day, his friends, who were staying in the neighbourhood, had the mountain searched by parties of guides, but to no purpose. No trace was found of him till months afterwards. A man who was making the ascent saw his body lying on the rocks far down one of the bold rugged slopes of Clogwyn. The foxes had partly stripped the bones of flesh. This was clearly a case of an accident due to choosing a bad day and a track that is not easy to follow. Probably the unfortunate clergyman also increased the risk by venturing up alone. Even on such comparatively safe places as a Welsh hillside, two heads and two pair of eyes are better than one, when it is a question of picking out a track along the rocks in mist and darkness.

In 1859, there was another death on this same spur of Snowdon. A Mr Frodsham lost his way after dark on the track along the Clogwyn, fell over the rocks, and was killed. Another life was lost on the mountain in 1859, and a cairn of rough stones, near the Beddgelert path, on the hillside above the farm of Hafod Uchaf, still marks the scene of the sad event. A Mr Cox made the ascent of the mountain on a cold wintry day, when there was enough snow on summit and slope to justify its name. He appears to have gone up from the Llanberis side, accompanied by a single guide. He had evidently miscalculated his strength; very possibly he was in bad health, to begin with; but however this may be, as he came down the slope of the Llechog, he became exhausted with cold and fatigue. At last he told the guide he could go no farther, and sat down on the snow. The guide hurried down to the farm near which the path enters the road from Carnarvon to Beddgelert. There he got some food and drink, and carried them back to the place where he had left the tourist. But he found him dead. He had probably died in that state of sleep that comes on with terrible rapidity when tired or exhausted man sits down unsheltered in the snow.

We find no further record of deaths on Snowdon for fifteen years, though this may be only the result of our search being incomplete. In 1874, a Mr Wilton lost his life on the bold northern face of the mountain. He fell down the rocks while attempting to ascend from Cwm-Glas to the ridge between Crib-Goch and the main summit. He was apparently trying to make out a new line of ascent for himself; but whether this was the result of ignorance or enterprise, we cannot say. Even on the Welsh hills, to leave the recognised tracks and attempt to make new ones will often lead the climber into dangerous positions. Even some of the lower hills have precipitous faces that have never yet been climbed, and probably never will be. The narrow summit ridge known as Crib-Goch has a bad name as a dangerous place, and the guidebooks say terrible things about it; but we can find no case of an accident actually occurring on this part of Snowdon, perhaps because most tourists avoid it. We have heard of some narrow escapes on the pass where the Beddgelert path runs for nearly

a quarter of a mile along a ridge between two precipitous slopes. In one case, when a lady was riding up the path on a Snowdon pony, led by a guide, the pony slipped. It held the ground with its forefeet for a moment, the guide helping it by seizing the bridle, while with his other hand he pulled the lady from the saddle on to the rocks. The next moment, the poor beast had lost its footing, and was rolling down the precipice into the great hollow below. But we have heard of no loss of human life on this narrow path, which is yearly traversed by hundreds of tourists. Nearly all the accidents seem to have occurred in comparatively easy places.

This was not the case, however, with the death of Mr Haseler in 1879. On the 26th of January, he left Pen-y-gwryd with a party of four other Birmingham gentlemen. All were good climbers; one or more were members of the Alpine Club, and they carried alpenstocks, ice-axes, and other helps to mountaineering. They ascended by the ridge of the Lliwedd, which is connected by a narrow rocky neck known as Bwlch-y-Saethau with the main mass of the mountain. From the Lliwedd the ridge descends rapidly to the Bwlch, or narrow pass; and beyond it the rocks rise very steeply to the summit of the mountain. At first sight, the place looks inaccessible; but even ladies have made the descent by this route. The north side of the Lliwedd and of Bwlch-y-Saethau is a sheer wall of rock some five or six hundred feet high, and in climbing to the summit from the Bwlch, one has on the right the bold precipice which overhangs the lake of Glaslyn. The party lunched on the Bwlch about one P.M., and then began the stiff climb to the summit. A narrative which was published in the *Times* by one of Mr Haseler's friends tells what followed: 'After a few yards, they reached a comparatively flat spot, where the question for discussion arose whether to the right or the left, when Mr Cox [apparently the leader of the party], an experienced Alpine climber, replied that there was really no choice in the matter but to go to the left, which course they all took, except the deceased, who went to the right. That was the last seen of him alive; but he was spoken with afterwards, for, in reply to an inquiry how he was getting on, he said: "I shall be with you directly." These were the last words he was heard to speak. The deceased was twenty-three years of age, had had some experience of Welsh and Scotch mountain-climbing; nevertheless, it is to be feared that he was too venturesome, as a short time previous to his disappearance he had been cautioned by Mr Bennett, himself an experienced Alpine climber, in words to this effect: "There is only one thing, Mr Haseler, to make you a good mountaineer, and that is, caution."

His friends not knowing he had fallen over the precipice, completed the ascent, expecting to meet him on the summit. They descended on the Beddgelert side, a little anxious, but hoping to find he had got back to Pen-y-gwryd before them by the shorter route. When they did not find him at the hotel, a search was organised. All night long the search continued by lantern-light; but it was not till half-past nine next morning that one of the search-parties, below the great precipice that towers over Glaslyn lake, 'saw, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, that large patches of snow had

been discoloured by what proved afterwards to be blood; and as they drew nearer, they found the body of the deceased lying on the right side, dead and stiffened. His cap was a little distance from him; his knapsack was still at his back, with the straps loosened; his watch, without the cases, dangling at his side, attached to a gold chain; and he had upwards of six pounds in his purse. The deceased had evidently fallen a distance of between five and six hundred feet, and must have been killed instantaneously.' His ice-axe was not found. It probably remained somewhere on the rocks above.

The accident is a terrible warning against dividing a party in a difficult place. The best policy for the leader of a party, when any one separates himself from it in such a position, is to halt, call the straggler back, and if he hesitates, tell him firmly that the party will not proceed till he rejoins it. For a man climbing by himself on a difficult slope, so slight an accident as a sprained ankle may lead to either a subsequent fatal fall, or a night of exposure and suffering. The first rule for mountaineers is, 'Keep together.'

The last fatal accident on our list can hardly be called a mountaineering accident, for it is of a kind much more common on the plain. On Sunday, September 23, 1884, a party of tourists from London and Lancashire, ladies and gentlemen, ascended Snowdon successfully. Whilst they were on the hill, clouds gathered, and a very severe thunderstorm broke over the summit. They took refuge in one of the huts on the mountain, but had hardly entered it when the lightning struck it, killing on the spot one of the party, Mr Livesey of Ashton-in-Makerfield. The body was terribly burned. Perils of this kind seem to be very rare on our higher mountains. We do not recollect any other case of a climber being killed by lightning.

THE OLD MANSION.

For many years, at very uncertain intervals, the same dream came to me, with always the same curious haunting consciousness, when I awoke, that some day I should act over in reality in my waking life the scenes I pass through in the dream. I often wondered if such a thing could happen, long before I thought of, or understood, the curious subtle conditions of mind that oftentimes brought about such a result. The prosaic monotonous life I led made me doubt such a possibility, and also a nature that has little sympathy with the common forms of superstition. Yet, in spite of myself, the impression grew so strong and persistent at every recurrence of the dream, that I could not easily shake it off.

When quite young, I dreamt about the old mansion many times, without paying any particular attention to the fact, except to say to myself when waking: 'I have seen that old mansion several times before in my dreams'; or, 'There is my old house again.' Then months would pass, sometimes a year or two, without a return of the dream, and I would forget all about it; when suddenly I would have the same dream again, and each time with increasing vividness,

till I could sketch every door and window, and describe every room, staircase, and corridor, as if it existed in real life, instead of being a mansion in dreamland or a veritable castle in the air.

I dream I am walking up some rough steep steps by the side of a cornfield ; the way is difficult and stony, but very beautiful, and I seem to smell the honey-sweet scent of red clover, and to hear the rustling of the wheat as the soft summer breeze passes over it ; and I feel the warm sunshine as I walk slowly onwards. Suddenly, three steps are gone or broken ; but looking upwards, I see they begin again, higher up. With a slight effort I spring forward, holding by the roots of a tree. I reach the steps, but feel myself sliding over again, when a man catches me and sets me on my feet. I turn to thank him ; but he has gone so far off, I cannot follow in time. I mount to the top of the steps, and come upon a rising ground ; and a few yards off stands the old mansion. Every window glitters in the sun, and there appear many of them. The mansion is of brown stone, one story high, with pointed gables, and great stacks of twisted chimneys, and sloping red roofs. The windows are heavily mullioned, with small diamond-shaped panes ; and on every corner and projection are carved grotesque heads, and figures both of human beings and animals, strangely mixed with masonic symbols, cherubim's heads, and dancing demons. Several steps lead up to a pointed archway with quaint twisted pillars, ornamented with fantastic tracery. I seem to scan with ever-increasing interest the various carvings, and remember where to look for some particularly familiar face or figure that has taken my fancy. The door stands open ; and before I go inside, I turn and look at the glorious country stretched before me, and over the same objects meet my gaze—a soft sweep of turf, a deep hahn, and wide stretch of golden gorse in full bloom. The warm, soft perfume seems to reach me as the afternoon sunshine pours down. Around, on every side, are hills and woodland, and in the dim blue distance shines the sea.

As I stand, I think : 'Surely, from the upper windows I can see farther ;' and I go through the doorway into a dusky old hall, and up a wide stone staircase with heavy twisted balustrades. I pass many doors that stand open ; but the rooms are all empty, save for the warm dancing sunbeams that glint through the diamond-paned windows and cast curious shadows on the floors. Then I open a door at the end of a lofty corridor, and go into a long empty room with many windows ; and I notice the soft glowing tones of colour that are cast on the walls and floor from the coloured glass, with which curious monograms are worked in the diamond-paned casements. I walk to one of the windows and open the casement, and sit down on the broad seat, and look out on the smiling country—the golden gorse, the rich woodland, and the glittering sea, where, as I watch, I see vessels passing to and fro. I am conscious of waiting for some one, and of that some one being long in coming ; but I feel no impatience, only the intense peace and loveliness of the scene fill my mind. Then a distant door opens, and a tall girl in a straight black gown walks towards me. She has intense black eyes ; and a long fleece of pale golden hair, tied with

a ribbon, flows over her shoulders. 'Have you found the boy ?' she asks me in eager tone. I answer : 'No—not yet ;' and with a sudden despair on her face, she turns round and leaves the room. Then I quit the house, and going down the steps again by the waving cornfield, suddenly awake.

Two months pass away, and again I dream I am wandering through the old mansion with a bright lamp in my hand. I go into all the rooms, and hunt in every closet and cupboard through all the wide corridors, and into the deserted kitchen and larders, down into underground vaulted passages and damp cellars ; and finally come out in a long avenue of pine-trees, through which the night-winds sough and sigh, and the moonlight gleams white and ghostly. Here I again meet the girl with the fleece of golden hair and strange black eyes, and again she asks me : 'Have you found the boy ?' and again I answer : 'No—not yet.' And with a gesture of despair she walks away ; and putting out the lamp, I awake.

For some days afterwards I had the curious feeling of waiting for something ; then the work and worry of everyday life supervened, and the dream faded from memory.

Fifteen months afterwards I was on a visit to a friend in a busy bustling town. It was a large household, with a number of boys and girls from school, of ages varying from eight to sixteen, and cheerful active life constantly going forward—certainly nothing to induce any morbid condition of mind. But on the fourth night of my visit I was again at the old mansion. This time, I had approached it through a number of mean low streets, and passages full of stones and debris of various sorts. Rough men with picks and shovels stood aside for me to pass, and one told me to go up a dark staircase. I opened a door at the top, and again stood in the long room of the old mansion. The light was dim and faint that came through the diamond-paned windows, and I was deafened by the roar of machinery. In the growing dusk I could just discern hundreds of wheels of all sizes revolving in all directions, and so close did they seem, that I stood still, near to the door, lest I should be drawn into the midst and torn to pieces. I seemed to hear the whir and click of machinery quite distinctly. Suddenly, the whole room was ablaze with light, and the girl in black stood before me and said : 'Have you found the boy ?' I answered : 'No—not yet.' Her hand fell on mine ; and she led me through all the machinery, down the broad stone staircase, and out of the door ; and before me was stretched the fair open sweep of country, the golden gorse, and the distant sea. I turned and looked at the quaint figures on the twisted pillars, the grinning apes and masonic symbols, the angels' heads and dancing demons, and as I said to myself, 'Here I am at the old mansion again,' I awoke.

It was a perfectly still dark night, or rather morning, for a distant clock struck three, and I heard the faint musical chime of the old English air, *Life let us cherish*. I turned over, and fell asleep again. It seemed but a minute or so, and back I was at the old mansion again ; and standing in the door-porch was the girl in black. Fixing her strange eyes on me, she said : 'The

door is shut ; but the boy is there ; I saw him go in.—Hark ! Do you not hear ? She laid her hand on my arm and listened ; and there came inside the far-off laugh of a child and the babble of an old nursery rhyme ; and patter-ing footsteps seemed to echo along the upper corridors and dance down the stone staircase, and stop.

The shining black eyes of the girl looked into mine, and again she said : 'The boy is there. You hear him ? I am not mad !'

I answered : 'Yes, I hear ; but we shall not find him yet.'

Then we both went into the hall, and searched through the rooms and corridors in every nook and cranny, even up on to the gutters of the sloping roof. The girl was always just a step behind me, and I seemed to feel her warm panting breath as she hurried along. As we neared the head of the great staircase, a door stood open that was quite new to me, and a long narrow passage with many windows was before me. Bright sunshine flooded the entire length ; and dancing in the sunbeams was a slim, fair-haired boy, with bare feet, and quaint-cut velvet tunic, that might have belonged to a child of three instead of six or seven, as he appeared to be. I turned to the girl and said : 'Quick ! There is the boy !' directing her attention towards him, when in a second the whole scene vanished, and nothing but the wall and staircase was there. In my vain endeavour to find the door again, I awoke. I sat up in bed and listened intently. It was still and dark—the stillness and darkness that precede the earliest dawning hour, and not the faintest indication of waking human life in the air. But I felt curiously tired and worn out, and ready to sleep again. It was with a sensation of relief I heard first one little sound of life, then another—the crow of a rooster, the clap of a distant gate, the bark of a dog, and finally, the servants moving about the house. I fell asleep again for some hours, and awoke in broad daylight, refreshed. The recollection of the dream I had was still vivid ; but morning sunlight had dispelled all the strange eerie feeling of early dawn. I had slept late, and came down with a ravenous appetite for breakfast ; and in the talk and laughter of the young people, the effects of the dream wore off. Nor did it return till a year and seven months had passed, when a circumstance occurred that stamped it indelibly on my memory, and the first feeling of fear connected with it took possession of me.

I was staying at a quiet village farmhouse a few miles from the south coast. I had brought down a niece, who had been suffering from typhoid fever, a child of eight years old, not with any real hope of cure, but as a last resource of lengthening out the frail life a few months. For several days the child, Avis, seemed to improve and gain strength ; then there was a sudden relapse. Soon fever set in, and it was plainly seen her days were numbered. I need not go through the details of the sorrowful period, but only relate the curious thing that occurred four days before our little Avis died. She was very restless, and it was with great difficulty sleep could be induced by natural means. It was a very hot night in July, still and breathless. My sister had been

with Avis for the greater part of the night ; but between two and three she called me up, as the child wanted me to sing to her. For nearly an hour I lay by her side, with her little hands in mine, crooning over hymns, songs, anything I could remember. Then the languid blue eyes closed, and she slept quietly ; and after watching the thin white face and short uneven breathing for some time I also fell asleep and—dreamed. I was again walking up the broken steps by the cornfield, in the warm sunshine, till I was standing in front of the door of the old mansion, and looking over the sweep of golden gorse, the lovely country, and the distant sea. I looked at the masonic symbols and curious heads round the doorway, before I went inside ; then I ascended the old staircase. At the top stood the black-eyed girl. She said to me : 'You are come to help me to find the boy ?' I answered : 'Yes, I have come.'

Together we seemed to go all over the house, in all the sunny rooms, and down the long corridors, and came back to the large room with diamond-paned windows, where the soft hues of the coloured glass in the casements gleamed on the floor in the sunshine ; then at the top of the staircase, the girl cried out suddenly : 'There he is—there is the boy ! Look ! Oh, come !' And down the narrow passage comes the boy with yellow hair, dancing in the sunshine. Another moment, and it was all gone. There is only a blank wall in front of me, and the girl is tearing madly at the carved projections—and I awake, with a strange fear at my heart.

Little Avis is still sleeping, but flushed and restless ; and as I watch her, she opens her eyes. There is a curious sharp ring in her voice as she says : 'Aunty, the little boy is shut up in the long passage ; he is playing all by himself—dancing up and down. He has yellow hair, and no shoes on ; and such a funny jacket. The tall lady can't find him, aunty. You must help her to find him, aunty. Won't you ?' The eager blue eyes looked into mine so strangely, I was quite startled and unnerved at the singular coincidence of the dying child having had her mind and brain so curiously influenced by what I had just been dreaming.

I soothed Avis as best I could, and she again dropped into a doze, while I sat at the window and watched the sun rising over the hills, and thought strange things—grief for the waning life before me, sorrow for the parents, and an intense, eager longing for a better understanding of those strange glimpses we get of the border-land between sleeping and waking. Tennyson has expressed this feeling in one of his exquisite sonnets :

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude.

Four days after, blue-eyed Avis fell asleep for the last time. She lies buried in the quiet churchyard of the village.

At the end of the month, my sister and her husband returned to London, leaving me a few days longer to finish some business details. I spent most of my evenings rambling about the pretty bypaths and lanes round the village, and

enjoying the lovely weather. Two or three days I went short railway journeys to the different places near. The day before I left, I intended to go down early to the little seaside town for the day, and started accordingly about ten in the morning; but, by curious mischance, mistook the train at the junction, and found myself quite in another direction, with no train back for two hours, when it would be too late for my destination. I felt vexed at first; but decided upon exploring the country where I was and making the best of the matter. The station was a mile from the nearest village, and the old guard on duty said: 'It was a nice old-fashioned village; and the Priory on Harne Hill was a queer shack place that artist-folks came to paint every summer; maybe I should like to see it. There was another train back at six in the evening.'

I determined at once upon spending the day there; it did not much matter, as long as I was in the fresh air. I strolled leisurely along the mile of country road to the village, and found it just one of the loveliest, quaintest old places possible. Built on the side of a hill, its one long irregular street had almost all the cottages on one side, and on the other was a charming stretch of hill and valley. The curious little church stood on a rising ground, with the churchyard sloping on all sides. It was nearly surrounded by magnificent beech-trees, and was well cared for, and full of lovely flowers, roses in particular. I lingered in the church some time, examining the curious carvings and monuments. A grave-faced woman was busy sweeping and dusting; but she did not speak to me until I was leaving the building, when she asked respectfully if I had seen the inner chapel.

I had not noticed it; and she turned back with me, and passing by the choir stalls, opened an iron gate near the organ. 'It's the burial place of the Harnes, ma'am,' she said as I entered.

Pure white marble monuments on every side, with delicately carved scrollwork and graceful flowers wreathed around them. The last new one struck me as singular and beautiful. It was in memory of 'ISOBEL HARNE, aged 22; and RUPERT HARNE, aged 8. "In death they were not divided."

Looking closely at the lovely wreath of carved flowers that decorated the marble cross, I found them to represent the gorse in blossom. In a flash came to me the remembrance of the haunting dream. Startled and trembling, I sat down on one of the tombs. The grave-faced woman said sadly: 'It's a pitiful tale about the poor young things buried there. The last of the Harnes they were.'

'Tell me about it,' I said eagerly; and the woman related the following story.

Twenty-eight years ago it is since Sir Rupert Harne took his wife, Lady Isobel, to Italy for the benefit of her health, which had been ailing since the baby Isobel was born. She never came back, but died at Florence. Not two years after, Sir Rupert married an Italian lady. There were several children of this marriage; but all died infants, till Miss Isobel was fourteen, when a son was born that cost the mother her life. Four years after, Sir Rupert Harne died, making his

daughter solemnly promise to take the boy to England and Harne Priory, and bring him up as an English gentleman.

In the meantime, a distant cousin, who was next heir, had been living at Harne Priory; and hearing all that was to be done in relation to the boy Rupert, suddenly shut up the house and disappeared, leaving only a man and his wife as caretakers.

Miss Harne and the little heir were expected every day, and every one wondered the Priory had not been made ready for them. One stormy March night, a lady and elderly woman with wild scared faces came driving up to the *Lion*; and the woman said it was Miss Harne from Italy—that they wanted some rooms; and in a terrible way with fright and grief they seemed. When their story was told, great was the commotion caused in the village. They had driven from the nearest station to the Priory, the young heir with them, and were much surprised to find no preparation or lights at the house. The boy's nurse got out of the fly and rang the bell and knocked many times. Then Miss Harne, getting impatient, also got out, and leaving the sleeping boy on the seat, went to the door and rang and knocked. The man in charge opened the door with a light in his hand, and he utterly refused to let them in or know anything about them. In vain Miss Harne protested and the nurse stormed. He shut the door in their faces, and locked and barred it after them. They returned to the fly, and determined to go to the village for the night; when they found, to their horror, that the boy was gone from the carriage. It was impossible to see without lights. The man was half asleep, and had seen or heard no one, and no cry or scream was heard from the child. Miss Harne was nearly frantic; the nurse could hardly hold her in the house out of the drenching rain.

The news spread like wildfire through the village, and very soon all the men and boys turned out to look for the missing boy. For nearly a week the country was searched in every direction without effect. The Priory was likewise searched, to no purpose; and the mystery only deepened as time went on. Then the next heir came back to the Priory, and hearing the tale, laughed it to scorn, saying there never was a boy brought from Italy, and that it was all a made-up story about him being lost—a planned job—coming just in the storm too—done on purpose to get possession of the estate.

People listened. Some believed. Some did not like John Harne, and disbelieved; but things dropped through. Miss Harne fell ill with raging fever. When she recovered her health, her mind was a complete blank, and all the words she ever uttered were: 'Have you found the boy?'

John Harne sold the Priory to a man named Salter; but he died before taking possession, and no one has lived in it since. Miss Harne used to go up and wander about the old rooms as long as she was able to walk. She went in at a little side-door, of which the old nurse had a key, and the old man and woman still were kept on as care-takers.

Then a strange thing happened. One afternoon Miss Harne was in the Priory, and a dreadful thunderstorm came on. The lightning struck one of the great chimney-stacks, and it

crashed through on to the head of the great staircase, breaking in the woodwork and wainscoting. When the nurse came and ventured to look for the young lady, she was found in a long narrow passage, with a poor half-starved idiot boy in her arms, who clung to her with shrieks and idiotic babble. But every one could see it was the lost child—lost for nearly four years, and, as it turned out, hid away by the wretches who lived on the premises.

The heir was an idiot, and Miss Harne was mad. The poor things were taken every care of; but disease and neglect had done their work, and in a month they were both dead. John Harne was never heard of again; and the old couple ran away.

When the woman had finished her narrative, I asked the way to the Priory, and was directed through a little copse behind the church. I had not gone many yards before I came to the steep steps by the cornfield; and when I reached the top and came out on the sweep of turf, the old house of my dream stood before me; and as I walked to the front of the house and looked over the deep hahs, the sunshine poured down on the golden gorse, the fair smiling country of hill and woodland; and far away, beyond the purple distance, glittered the shining sea. I drew a deep breath of the honey-sweet air, and turned to look at the old house. It was all the same—the stacks of twisted chimneys, the sloping red roof and pointed gables, the many diamond-paned windows, the quaint cornices and projections; angels' heads and dancing demons mingled with masonic and solar symbols—all the same, save where a yawning chasm had been made by the fall of the chimney-stack. As I went toward the entrance, four or five men and two ladies came out; they had sketch-books and camp-stools, and were busily engaged examining the ornamented doorway.

I asked permission, and entered; and then in reality—as oftentimes in my dreams—I ascended the stone stairs, and came out in the large room with the many windows, where the coloured glass threw soft glowing tints of crimson, purple, and amber upon the floor. I went through all the rooms, warm and empty, and long corridors. Nothing was wanting, save the tall girl in the black dress and fleece of yellow hair, to come and ask me: 'Have you found the boy?'

I wandered about the rooms and passages, and looked from the sunny windows, and puzzled my brains much upon the strange coincidence of that day that had brought me, through no volition on my own part, to realise the scene of my haunting dream.

Why should these scenes be pictured in my imagination years before they came to pass, while all the actors therein were hundreds of miles away, never heard of, or ever seen? What caused the tragic incident of the boy-heir to be projected, as it were from my brain into that of the dying child Avis with such sharp distinctness? Science cannot account for such things; we can only leave the subject as one that no finite brain can understand.

The startling effect on my mind was not of the most pleasing character, and for weeks, I could not banish the tragical story from my

waking thoughts, and yet, as a curious anomaly, I have never had the dream since. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

OUR UNPAID MAGISTRACY.

WHATEVER may have been the period of its original institution, the first statutory provision to be found relating to the office of a Justice of the Peace was made in the first year of the reign of King Edward III. Justices of the peace are defined by Dalton 'to be judges of record, appointed by the king to be justices within certain limits for the conservation of the peace.' We find Sir William Blackstone in his celebrated *Commentaries* lamenting, that in consequence of the multifarious duties heaped upon justices of the peace, few cared to undertake, and fewer to understand the functions of the office; and he very properly added, that they were of such vast importance to the public as to make the country obliged to any worthy magistrate who, without sinister views of his own, would engage in the troublesome office. Their powers, which were at first very limited, were gradually extended, as the necessities of the times prompted; and at the present day, the powers and duties of this honourable office, particularly regarding the county magistrates, have been most extensively and are yearly enlarged. And as they have become more arduous and responsible, and require greater talent and more matured habits of business for their proper and efficient discharge, it is pleasing to think that high-minded and well-informed gentlemen have not been found wanting to perform them, and at the same time to sustain the dignity of their station, and command respect for the laws by their honest and impartial administration.

The several descriptions of justices of the peace in England and Wales are those for counties, ridings, or divisions, and boroughs and cities, besides the salaried police magistrates of the metropolis and our large provincial towns, and the lord mayor, recorder, and aldermen of the city of London. The mayor for the time being of every borough is by virtue of his office a justice of the peace for such borough, and continues to be so during the year succeeding, unless disqualified, and during his mayoralty has precedence in all places within the borough. There is no general or special disqualification as regards the status in society of a person to be appointed a justice of the peace. They are appointed by the Crown through the Lord Chancellor, and usually upon the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant or other influential parties. The qualification for a county justice is either by the possession of a certain amount of property, or by the occupancy of a dwelling-house of a certain annual value. If the qualification is of the former kind, it is requisite that the person should have in his possession a freehold estate in lands or tenements lying in England or Wales of the clear yearly value of one hundred pounds. If the qualification is derived from the occupation of a dwelling-house, then it is necessary that he has, during the

two years preceding his appointment, been the occupier of a dwelling-house of the annual value of one hundred pounds. Borough justices of the peace are not required to possess any pecuniary qualification; but they must reside in the borough or within seven miles of it; or be the occupier of some premises in the borough. Before a gentleman appointed to the office can act, he must take three oaths: the first is that of qualification, by which he swears that he is *bond fide* possessed of the necessary estate; or, where the qualification is one of residence, the same oath is taken, modified accordingly. The second and third oaths are the oath of allegiance and the judicial oath. They are as follows:

Oath of Allegiance.—I, do swear that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, according to law. So help me God.

Judicial Oath.—I, do swear that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria in the office of ; and I will do right to all manner of people after the laws and usages of this realm, without fear or favour, affection or ill-will. So help me God.

The authority of justices of the peace is either ministerial or judicial. The ministerial functions of justices consist of receiving informations or complaints for indictable offences (triable at quarter-sessions or assizes), and also for offences determinable in a summary way—causing the party charged to appear and answer either by summons or warrant, and taking the examinations, and committing or bailing the prisoner for trial; also appointing parish officers, and allowing rates, &c. Their judicial functions consist in the trial of offenders at quarter-sessions (borough justices do not possess this function), and hearing and adjudicating upon complaints made for the non-payment of wages, parochial rates, &c.; disputes between masters and servants in certain trades; landlords and tenants; as to the fairness of parochial rates; and many others of a similar nature; the latter being of a civil, while the former partake of a criminal nature. All justices of the peace are by virtue of their office *ex officio* guardians of the poor, and they have also an *ex officio* authority in several other smaller matters.

If any person acting as a justice of the peace has the misfortune to be adjudged bankrupt, or makes any arrangement or composition with his creditors, he is rendered incapable of holding office until he has been again appointed by those in authority.

In conclusion, and now that we have had laid before us the many and intricate duties fulfilled by these gentlemen, who gratuitously, and with so much zeal and ability, administer justice in their respective divisions, we can well imagine the great service they render to their country by their untiring efforts; for when we come to think of the 'seven hundred and twenty' petty sessional divisions existing in England and Wales, and then of the fact that the fourteen metropolitan police courts cause a yearly outlay of fifty thousand pounds to be borne by the London ratepayers, we see at once the immense advantage we derive by this honourable office being filled by individuals who disregard both time and expense in meting out justice to their fellows. It has been

well said by Paley that 'a vigilant magistracy, an accurate police, and an undeviating partiality in carrying the laws into execution, contribute more to the restraint and suppression of crime than any excessive severity of punishment.'

'PATRON DAYS,' OR IRISH RELIQUES.

'OLD times are changed, old manners gone,' and gone are the national observances of Ireland. The time-honoured customs and institutions of early days, hallowed by the reverence in which they once were held, and inseparably associated as they were with the bright memories of early youth, have passed into the twilight of far-off lore. The 'Patron Day'—to some the occasion of pious exercises, to others the opportunity of very different observances—shed a halo over every season of the year. The Maypole Day, when festoons and garlands, and wild-flowers and deep-green foliage, were lighted up with the morning rays of the first summer's sun, has waned into the mere remembrance of things that were. St John's Fire, in the bright glow of which village maids and village swains, with light hearts and affections pure, rejoiced, smoulders far away in the remote and quiet places of rural life. The mystical mummeries of Hallow Eve, the traditional absurdities of Twelfth Night, and many other anniversaries of minor importance—the memory of which is still preserved in the recollections of a lifelong career, and in some districts still cherished fondly as dear reliques of the past—are too quaint, are too old-fashioned for this fastidious age.

The Patron Day was the most distinguished in popular imagination, and the most gladly welcomed of all the anniversaries. It was a trace of the religious institutions of Ireland; it became interwoven with the sentimental traditions of the people; and its celebration was honoured with a degree of romantic piety peculiar to the high religious and poetic tone of the Celtic temperament. The Rev. Joseph Saynds, a Protestant writer, thus speaks of the rise and decline of Patron Days. 'The first institution of Patron Days in Ireland was an anniversary commemoration of those days on which parish churches had been dedicated to the respective saints whose tutelary guardianship the people annually implored as their mediators and advocates with the Almighty. The same custom prevailed also in England, where such annual meetings are denominated *wakes*, and which in both countries used to be celebrated for one or more days after the next Sunday or Saint's day to whom the parish church had been dedicated. These institutions seem to have been very ancient in Ireland. It would appear that the clergy and laity of each parish annually assembled at their respective churches on those solemn occasions, not only to implore the future tutelage of their patron saint, but also to offer prayers and distribute alms for their departed friends, from whose tombs they cleared the rank weeds, and then decorated them with the gayest flowers—renewing at the same time the funeral dirge, in which, as on the day of interment, they recounted every worthy action of the deceased and his relatives. Thence it became necessary to erect booths or temporary lodgings in the neighbour-

hood of the churches, and to procure provisions for the poor, which were distributed to them in charity by the pious of every denomination. It was also necessary to find refreshment for strangers whose devotion brought them from very remote places on those occasions. Such, doubtless, was the first institution of Patron Days, and such it continued for ages. The people, ever tenacious of the religion of their fathers, assembled on each anniversary day; but in course of time, owing to various causes, and chiefly to the Reformation, they were at length become as a flock without a shepherd, and exercises of devotion at such meetings gradually gave place to profane amusements. The pious and devout having in a great measure forsaken those degenerate assemblies, a total relaxation of discipline and good order prevailed among the ungoverned multitude; drunkenness and riot became familiar, and those days originally devoted to the honour of God seemed now wholly set apart to celebrate the orgies of the Prince of Darkness.

The Patron Days were originally all holidays, either of obligation or devotion; but in modern times, when these days do not fall on a Sunday or a holiday, the observances are transferred to the Sunday immediately following, or to that within the octave.

After the Anglo-Norman invasion, no general changes were made in the pre-existing ecclesiastical topography of the country, except in the neighbourhood of the manorial seats of the Anglo-Irish barons. In such places we generally find traces of comparatively modern plans and arrangements in the foundation and structure of churches. Sometimes they were constructed with a view to the requirements of secular priests, but oftener for regular clergy, and not unfrequently for collegiate purposes. And here it may be worth while to remember that not rarely those same barons 'robbed Peter to pay Paul'; in other words, they frequently built churches with the spoils of a rich old abbey. And even in religious concerns we find plenty of proof of the spirit of hostility which kept the native devotees from mingling their pious practices with the devotions of the successful invader. Scarcely in any instance do we find a church founded by the English—no matter to what saint dedicated—honoured by the people after its suppression, by the observances of the Patron feast. Obscure sites have been remembered; while the ruins of many a splendid edifice have been shunned as dark, cold, and undevotional. This general disregard, this aversion, was not the outcome of mere racial preference or prejudice—it was the effect of the distrust, the different sympathies and different interests which had always separated the clergy and people of the country from the clergy and people of the Pale. The clergy of the Pale were for the most part strangers, and of course devoted to the Anglo-Irish interest; the clergy of the country were as naturally devoted to the interests of the native septs and chiefs. Jerpoint, a large conventional establishment, though founded by an Irish prince, fell into the control of clergy of English extraction, and in consequence, closed its doors against the admission of the 'meer Irish' postulants. Patron festivals and Patron honours were the outward expression of national faith by a people who saw their counties,

their estates, their homes, and themselves rudely and forcibly handed over to a stranger, whom they might fear, but whom they certainly could not learn to love in a week or a month.

The churches that were not honoured after their suppression with a Patron-day festival were either English in origin, in interests, in sympathies, or in rules.¹ Their histories had never been entwined with the sentimental lore of the native race; and consequently, after their suppression, they could not lay claim to the deep traditional feelings of the people. They might mourn over their ruins, but they could not 'adore at the places' where the feet of the stranger stood. The subdued grandeur of their ruins invests with a high degree of interest the ground on which they stand, yet never have the people assembled at their sites to honour their patron saints, or commemorate the day of their original dedication.

The residence of the Irish *urris*, and afterwards of the Anglo-Irish baron, the territorial lord, constituted the ancient *bally* or township, which was peopled by his family and numerous retainers. Each such residence had its own church, its own patron saint and annual festival. Most of those antique social centres are now far removed from our modern highways, and are approached only by old byroads. Not unfrequently hidden in fields, we discover interesting localities with traces of ancient boundaries and primitive plantations, their rich green swards and leafy abundance at once indicating their fertility and venerable age. And where the progress of modern civilisation has not effaced the landmarks of bygone generations, the peculiar formalities and outlines of those places mark them out as scenes of former life and importance. Here we usually find an insignificant inclosure that has been revered for ages as 'holy ground'; here, on the appointed day, the Patron was held; in the old churchyard near, the graves were cleared of the rank weeds and were embellished with flowers; the funeral dirge was renewed, and the worthy qualities of the dead re-told. Here, too, we find a 'holy well,' still retaining the name of the ancient patron saint of the locality. Here are performed the *stations* held on the Patron Day. Yon scattered stones are now the only remains of the local church; yon naked stumps and withered trunks the only relics of the spreading beech, the stately ash, the gnarled oak, beneath whose dense foliage the village boys and the rosy-faced country girls, dressed in the quaint fashions of that remote period, blushing and smiling, and unburdened with life's cares, timed with light foot and lighter heart their favourite reel or jig or country-dance. Here, in the 'shade for talking age and whispering lovers made,' were formed friendships that developed into lifelong unions. Here, alas! too, profligacy and the strife of faction have left their sad memories.

In 1846, with the first great failure of the potato crop, may be said to have commenced a social revolution in the ways, the manners, and condition of the Irish peasantry. Under the pressure of famine and famine-fever, many of the Irish farmers and villagers fled to America. Many clung to their old homesteads until they were forced to seek a refuge in the nearest workhouse. Many of the old proprietors, who were

strongly attached to social sports and customs, were forced to sell their farms and houses in the Encumbered Estates Court; and then new masters came in who had no claim on 'times that were,' no sympathies with the people or their traditional observances. Village outlines were deranged, landmarks were removed, festal anniversaries had no patrons and no notaries; 'holy wells' and traditions had none to pay the attention which a people even less imaginative than the Celtic race might bestow on ruined shrines and the memories of the past.

THE WATER SPIDER.

'WILL you come for a hunt after water spiders?' said a friend to me one day.

'With all my heart,' I replied. 'That is an invitation, to a lover of nature, not to be refused.'

So, when a bright sunny day appeared, a party of four naturalists set off for the moor, armed with bottles large and small, not forgetting the principal weapon of all, a huge alpenstock.

A few words as to the nature and habitats of the water spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*) will make the subject intelligible at the outset; as, although many of the inhabitants of our ponds and ditches are far more familiar now, owing to the number of aquaria kept, and the commoner use of the microscope, yet the water spider is one least known, especially in Scotland, as it is only within a few years that it has been discovered to be a native of its northern ditches and peat-mosses. The water spider is certainly one of the most interesting of the Arachnida. About the size of an ordinary house spider when full grown, though of a much more slight and elegant shape, it leads an active and wonderful existence; for although really a terrestrial creature, requiring to breathe atmospheric air, yet it passes its life in the water quite submerged below the surface, except when ascending to breathe. Like the pirate spider, the *Argyroneta* has its whole body covered with hairs, which serve to entangle a large amount of air; but it far surpasses the pirate in other ways, as it has the power of diving below the surface, carrying with it a large bubble of air, which is held in its place by the hind-legs; and in spite of this obstacle, it passes through the water with great speed. The question, then, comes to be, how does the spider secure enough of air to live comfortably below the water? At some little depth, the female spins a kind of dome-shaped cell, of the most delicate silken fibre, attaching it to the stem of some water-plant. The opening of this cell she leaves on the under side; and after it is completed, she ascends to the surface, and there charges her whole coat with air, arranging the hind-legs in such a manner that her large bubble of air cannot escape. She then dives into the water, proceeds to her home, and discharges the bubble of air into it. A quantity of water is thus displaced, and the top of the dome filled with air instead; and this she repeats till the cell is completely filled; and in this beautiful and delicate mansion the spider lives, surrounded with the atmosphere she requires, and carrying on

all her domestic duties diligently, for in this dome she spins a silken cocoon in which to lay her hundred eggs, so that the young spiders never know that they are near water, or in a floating habitation, till they emerge from the nest. When hatched, they are pure white, and they begin at once to live and build as their mother does.

Our day on the moor was very successful. I need not say how many dozens of spiders, as well as their nests, we secured; and the excitement of the chase, added to the beautiful scenery by which we were surrounded, made it a very pleasant excursion. Lying deep and silent in the peat and heather were some very large pools, the surfaces of which were almost covered with water-weeds, the well-known sphagnum moss being the most apparent. At the sunny side of these pools we camped, and our work began. The alpenstock was plunged into the sphagnum—a thick bunch of it adroitly brought to land and laid upon the heather, when we immediately searched it; and not in vain, for here were the spiders trying to escape in all directions, besides a number of their silken domes containing either the eggs or the young. So thick were the nests in the pool, that we could see them lying like so many cradles near the surface. Our bottles were soon filled with the spiders' nests and weed.

Now I have a bell-glass well stocked with them, and can watch the wonderful habits and feats of the inmates with perfect ease. Two of my nests hatched their young. They entered their aquatic existence on a Sunday morning, much to the amusement of the household, as a hundred snowy-looking mites emerged from their cradle. I had immediately to wage war with a couple of water beetles that were in the glass, as they hovered round these unfortunate and inexperienced infants with the evident intention of devouring them. The beetles were ejected; and after some time the hundred little spiders made domes for themselves in the sphagnum weed. It is almost necessary to have some water weed, such as valesneria or anacharis in the glass; on the anacharis especially the spiders find multitudes of infusoria, which serve as food; but a plentiful supply of flies can be put on the water, which the spiders at once seize, and carry down to their dome by means of a delicate thread spun in the water, and there in their house they suck the juices of the prey. My bell-glass is sometimes very lively, as the spiders rush up and down on slender threads, which shine in the water like silk; and in every conceivable corner of the sphagnum weed a dome can be discovered with its inmate.

When going through the water, the spider has the appearance of quicksilver, owing to the bubble of air around the lower part of the body; and I notice that when they come to the surface for more air, it is that part of the body that is turned to the top for a new supply, so that the spider's head is literally turned downwards when a fresh amount of air is secured. The coat of the spider is never wet, owing to the mass of little air-bells that envelop it; so that it skims through the water as dry as if on land. It is thought that *Argyroneta* hibernates during winter. There are three stations in Scotland where they have been taken: one in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen; a second in a deep cut and silent pool in Luffness Common, Haddingtonshire; and the third in the peat-mosses

of the Pentland Hills near Edinburgh. They are commoner in England, especially in the neighbourhood of Oxford, where the ditches used to be well stocked with them; but there was such a demand for them in the London market as inhabitants of the aquarium, that in many places they are now almost extinct. They are interesting and hardy subjects for study; and a glass filled with them and their native weeds is quite an ornament in any window, where they can be studied with perfect ease.

ASBESTOS AND ITS USES.

ASBESTOS is remarkable as an example of a substance, long regarded as economically valueless, suddenly taking its place amongst minerals of commercial importance, and rapidly coming into use, until its production ranks as a staple branch in the industries of this country.

Asbestos is a fibrous variety of the mineral actinolite, and consists essentially of oxide of iron, alumina, magnesia, silica, and water; and in appearance has a silky, vitreous lustre; whilst its indestructibility by fire forms the leading characteristic on which is based the commercial and utilitarian value of the substance under consideration. The mineral is widely distributed, the two principal sources of commercial importance being Italy and Canada; that derived from the former country being the most valuable, and being distinguished from other varieties by its brownish tint, a fact that should be borne in mind by intending purchasers, when manufacturers are quoting, at considerably reduced rates, goods similar in design to those more highly priced, but composed of an inferior quality of asbestos. Italian asbestos, both in length and strength of fibre, also in chemical purity, surpasses all other varieties.

The process in vogue for the manufacture of raw asbestos into the various articles for which it is now employed may be briefly summarised. Arrived in bags weighing from one to two hundredweight, the lumps of crude asbestos are put through an ingenious crushing machine, whose rollers have a parallel motion, in addition to their rolling action over each other. This action effectually opens out the fibres, which are then boiled in large tanks. The shorter fibres having been ground down and reduced to a pulp, are converted into asbestos millboard by manipulation on gauze netting—a process familiar to all persons who have visited paper-mills and witnessed the manufacture of ordinary paper. Asbestos millboard forms a valuable 'packing' for engines, whilst its non-conducting properties render it serviceable in electrical work. The longer fibres on leaving the crushing machine are woven into yarn and cloth in looms, similar in action and principle, though necessarily differing somewhat in detail for adaptation to the material under treatment, to the well-known cloth looms.

The valuable property of asbestos—its resistance to fire—has been utilised in the preparation of paint. A striking proof of the protection thus afforded was witnessed in the recent Health Exhibition held in London, when woodwork thus coated escaped uninjured in an outbreak of fire.

A bare enumeration of the many purposes to which asbestos is now devoted would form a formidable list. 'Packing' for all classes of machinery, ropes, fire-escapes, and firemen's clothing, furnace-men's gloves, fireproof putty, sheeting, boiler and steampipe covering, millboard for every purpose, cloth for filtering acids and other similar uses; for covering rollers in printworks where aniline dyes are employed, and it is necessary to resist heat and the action of the acids; for flooring and wall-felt, more especially in timber-built houses; as a lubricant for every class of engine, portable fireproof safes, lamp-shades, and a variety of other articles, in which the fire and heat resisting properties of the substance under consideration render it of especial value.

The asbestos trade may be said to be yet in its infancy; every day some new development, some new adaptation, presents itself; and viewing the advance that has been made in the short time that has elapsed since its introduction as an article of commerce, there can be little doubt that asbestos will form a still more important branch of our home industries at no very distant date.

IN VANITY FAIR.

THROUGH Vanity Fair, in days of old,
There passed a maiden with locks of gold,
And a pedlar opened his tempting pack,
Crying: 'O my pretty lass! what d'ye lack?

Here's many a ware
Costly and rare.
Come, buy—oh, come, buy!
In Vanity Fair.'

'Silks and satins are not for me;
Lace is for damsels of high degree;
The lads would laugh in our country town
If I came clad in a broidered gown;

But yet there's a ware,
Precious and rare,
I fain would buy me
In Vanity Fair.'

'Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,
A heart that will love me for evermore,
That, whether the world shall praise or blame,
Through sorrow or joy will be still the same.'

'Tis the only ware
For which I care,
Mid all the treasures
In Vanity Fair.'

'Much it grieves me, O lassie dear,'
The pedlar said; 'but I greatly fear
The hearts that loved in the old sweet way
Have been out of fashion this many a day;

And gilded care
Is all the ware
You will get for your money
In Vanity Fair.'

FLORENCE TYLEE.

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